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THE NEW TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE



Edited by M. R. Ridley, M.A.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

by William Shakespeare



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Editor's General Note

The Text. The editor has kept before him the aim of presenting to the modern reader the nearest possible approximation to what Shakespeare actually wrote. The text is therefore conservative, and is based on the earliest reliable printed text. But to avoid distraction (*a*) the spelling is modernised, and (*b*) a limited number of universally accepted emendations is admitted without comment. Where a Quarto text exists as well as the First Folio the passages which occur only in the Quarto are enclosed in square brackets [] and those which occur only in the Folio in brace brackets { }.

Scene Division. The rapid continuity of the Elizabethan curtainless production is lost by the 'traditional' scene divisions. Where there is an essential difference of place these scene divisions are retained. Where on the other hand the change of place is insignificant the scene division is indicated only by a space on the page. For ease of reference, however, the 'traditional' division is retained at the head of the page and in line numbering.

Notes. Passages on which there are notes are indicated by a † in the margin.

Punctuation adheres more closely than has been usual to the 'Elizabethan' punctuation of the early texts. It is often therefore more indicative of the way in which the lines were to be delivered than of their syntactical construction.

Glossaries are arranged on a somewhat novel principle, not alphabetically, but in the order in which the words or phrases occur. The editor is much indebted to Mr J. N. Bryson for his collaboration in the preparation of the glossaries.

Preface

The Text. The only text which has any authority is that of the first Folio. It is on the whole well printed, the main weakness being the compositor's tendency to omit short words such as 'a,' 'thy,' 'and,' and so on.

But there was published in 1594 a Quarto of *The Taming of a Shrew*, with no author's name, but the statement that it had been sundry times acted by "the Right honorable the Earle of Pembroke his seruants." And the connection between this and the play as we have it is one of the most interesting cruxes of Shakespearean criticism. *A Shrew* is the oddest possible farrago. The framework is the same as that of *The Shrew*, and the frame is really a frame, since the characters of the Induction do also conclude the play, instead of vanishing, as they do in *The Shrew*. But enclosed within this frame there is on the one hand a number of passages, mainly those of the Petruchio-Katharina plot, closely resembling passages in *The Shrew*, and on the other a great deal of highly incongruous Marlowesque verse, together with a dozen or so passages lifted almost verbatim from Marlowe. Gollancz stated categorically, and with more heroism than discretion, that "we may safely assert that it contains no single line from Shakespeare's pen." But the moment that we begin to compare the two plays the assertion is seen to be highly precarious, and in fact Gollancz almost contradicts himself by admitting, as "undoubtedly Shakespearean," portions of *The Shrew*, IV. iii. and V. ii. 1-175, in which the correspondence is particularly close. His explanation, and the explanation of many editors, for the correspondence, and the denial of any Shakespearean work in *A Shrew*, is the apparently simple one

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that *A Shrew* was the raw material which Shakespeare worked up into *The Shrew*. But the explanation is found on examination to be much more simple than convincing. The relation between the correspondent passages in the two plays is found to be the wrong kind of relation to support this explanation. Any reader, I think, who will take the trouble to compare the relevant passages will feel that the passages in *A Shrew* read much more like abbreviated garblings of the passages in *The Shrew* than the latter read like improved expansions of the passages in *A Shrew*—will feel, indeed, that so far as these passages are concerned the relation is singularly like that between the first and second Quartos of *Hamlet*. On the other hand the relation between these two plays as a whole is not a parallel to that between the two *Hamlet* Quartos, since great portions of *A Shrew* show only the vaguest correspondence to *The Shrew*, and the Marlowesque portions no correspondence at all. In brief, the *A Shrew* reads like a crude patchwork, some of the patches being imperfectly remembered passages from *The Shrew* in some such shape as we have it, others being even less well-remembered approximations to the plot of the same play, and yet others being either derived from some other source altogether, or even original padding. What the possibilities of such patchwork were has been quite clearly demonstrated by Dr W. W. Greg in his *Alcazar and Orlando* (1923). But the whole question is extremely intricate, and for the detailed arguments readers must be referred to Dr R. W. Bond's Introduction to the Arden edition, and to a brilliant presentation in the Introduction and in the section on 'The Copy' in the New Cambridge edition of the play.

Date of Composition. Meres does not mention the play (unless we are to identify it with *Love's Labour Won*); but the

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argument from silence is of the smallest possible weight. If we accept what may be called the Alexander-Wilson view of the relation between *A Shrew* and *The Shrew*, we have to put back the date of Shakespeare's play to at least before 1594. It is reasonably safe to put it between 1593 and 1595.

Authorship. Here the situation is desperate. Hardly any editor or critic has been content to accept the play as it stands as wholly Shakespeare's work, and even one of the sanest and most conservative of critics, Sir Edmund Chambers, who adheres to the view of *A Shrew* as a source-play, thinks that in adapting it Shakespeare had, contrary to his custom, a collaborator. That there are obvious traces of dislocation and awkwardness is clear enough, even if they are not perhaps so numerous as the New Cambridge editors would have us believe, and there are odd shifts of style. But all attempts to divide up the play between Shakespeare and other hands seem to me the merest waste of time, depending, as they must do, upon the taste of the individual editor and on the degree of certainty with which he supposes himself to be able to detect the Shakespearean touch. It is no doubt an amusing game, but readers can play it just as well for themselves. My own view, very briefly, is that we need not look for any other collaborator than Shakespeare himself some distance below his proper level; and that considerable parts of *A Shrew* are garblings of Shakespearean work, whether of *The Shrew* as we have it or of an earlier form of it.

Sources. The sources for the machinery of the Induction and of the shrew-taming plot are old and many. The sub-plot of Bianca and her lovers is directly derived from Gascoigne's English-

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ing of *I Suppositi* of Ariosto. If Shakespeare used *A Shrew* as the basis for his play he made curious use of it, since the Induction is in its general outlines, though doubtless not in its versification, much better, rather than worse, managed in *A Shrew*. Apart from that, he took two scenes and rewrote them, adapted the sub-plot, which he could as well or better have taken from Gascoigne direct, fitted in a certain number of brief passages, and threw the rest of it into the waste-paper basket, where indeed it very properly belonged.

Duration. Daniel distributes the action over six (possibly five) days, with probable intervals after IV. i. and IV. ii. ; but adds the just note, "Time in this play is a very slippery element, difficult to fix in any completely consistent scheme."

Criticism. *Hazlitt.*—*The Taming of the Shrew* is a play within a play. It is supposed to be a play acted for the benefit of Sly, the tinker, who is made to believe himself a lord, when he wakes after a drunken brawl. The character of Sly and the remarks with which he accompanies the play are as good as the play itself. . . . *The Taming of the Shrew* is almost the only one of Shakespeare's comedies that has a regular plot and downright moral. It is full of bustle, animation, and rapidity of action.

There is almost a conspiracy of silence among the critics about the play. It is, indeed, perhaps of all the one that we should least regretfully omit from the canon. Pepys thought it had some good pieces in it, but generally was "a mean play," and one doubts whether he was far wrong. The two main parts of it are ill-sorted, the Bianca sub-plot as artificial as may be, and the main plot not

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far removed from farce, and farce, moreover, with a dislikeable crudity, almost brutality, about it. The Induction is not only good in itself, but has an importance which is not observed by the modern producers who so commonly omit it. The flavour of the play proper is somewhat modified when we see that it is being performed by a presumably not very high-class company of travelling players for the pleasure of a drunken tinker.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A Lord.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a tinker.*

Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen and Servants.

} *Persons in the
Induction.*

BAPTISTA, *a rich gentleman of Padua.*

VINCENTIO, *an old gentleman of Pisa.*

LUCENTIO, *son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*

PETRUCHIO, *a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.*

GREMIO,

HORTENSIO, } *suitors to Bianca.*

TRANIO,

BIONDELLO, } *servants to Lucentio.*

GRUMIO,

CURTIS, } *servants to Petruchio*

A Pedant.

KATHARINA, *the shrew,* } *daughters to Baptista.*

BIANCA,

Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista
and Petruchio.

SCENE : *Padua, and Petruchio's country house.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Induction

SCENE I

Before an alehouse on a heath

Enter Hostess and Sly

Sly. I'll pheeze you, in faith.

Ho. A pair of stocks, you rogue !

Sly. Y' are a baggage, the Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles ; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pallabris, let the world slide : sessa !

Ho. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst ?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, S. Jeronimy, go to thy † cold bed, and warm thee.

Ho. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the third-borough. *Exit* 10

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law : I'll not budge an inch, boy : let him come, and kindly. *Falls asleep*

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train

Lor. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds : Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd ; †

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And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault ?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1.H. Why, Bellman is as good as he, my lord ; 20
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent ;
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lor. Thou art a fool : if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well and look unto them all ;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1.H. I will, my lord.

Lor. What's here ? one dead, or drunk ? See doth he
breathe ?

2.H. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale, 30
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lor. O monstrous beast ! how like a swine he lies !
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image !
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself ?

1. *H.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose. 40

2. *H.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lor. Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest :

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

And hang it round with all my wanton pictures :

Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet :

Procure me music ready when he wakes,

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound ;

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight 50

(And with a low submissive reverence)

Say ' What is it your honour will command ? '

Let one attend him with a silver basin

Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers,

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,

And say ' Will 't please your lordship cool your hands ? '

Some one be ready with a costly suit,

And ask him what apparel he will wear ;

Another tell him of his hounds and horse,

And that his lady mourns at his disease : 60

Persuade him that he hath been lunatic ;

And when he says he is, say that he dreams, †

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs :

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It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1.H. My lord, I warrant you we will play our part,
As he shall think by our true diligence
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lor. Take him up gently, and to bed with him, 70
And each one to his office when he wakes.

Some bear out Sly. Sound trumpets
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds,

Exit Servingman
Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Servingman
How now? who is it?

Ser. An 't please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.

Lor. Bid them come near.

Enter Players
Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lor. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

A Player. So please your lordship to accept our duty. 80

Lor. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son :
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well :

I have forgot your name ; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

A Player. I think 'twas Soto that your honour means. †

Lor. 'Tis very true : thou didst it excellent.

Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

90

There is a lord will hear you play to-night :
But I am doubtful of your modesties ;
Lest (over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,
For yet his honour never heard a play)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him ; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

A Player. Fear not, my lord : we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lor. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery, 100
And give them friendly welcome every one ;
Let them want nothing that my house affords.

Exit one with the Players

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber ;
And call him ' madam,' do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,

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He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished : 110
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
And say, ' What is 't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty, and make known her love ? '
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him 120
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a napkin (being close convey'd)
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst,
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

Exit a Servingman

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman : 130
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,

And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
 When they do homage to this simple peasant,
 I'll in to counsel them ; haply my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen,
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes. *Exeunt*

SCENE II

A bedchamber in the Lord's house

*Enter aloft Sly, with Attendants, some with apparel, basin
 and ewer, and other appurtenances, and Lord*

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1. *S.* Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack ?

2. *S.* Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves ?

3. *S.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day ?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly ; call not me 'honour' nor
 'lordship : ' I ne'er drank sack in my life ; and if you
 give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef :
 ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear ; for I have no
 more doublets than backs, no more stockings than
 legs, nor no more shoes than feet ; nay, sometime 10
 more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look
 through the overleather.

Lor. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour !

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O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit !

Sly. What, would you make me mad ? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a †
pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation
a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker ? 20
Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she
know me not : if she say I am not fourteen pence on
the score for sheer ale, ~~score~~ me up for the lyingest
knave in Christendom. What ! I am not be-
straught : here 's—

3. *S.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn !

2. *S.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop !

Lor. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth, 30
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams :
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music ? hark ! Apollo plays, *Music*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleep ? ~~we~~ 'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
 Say thou wilt walk ; we will bestrew the ground. 40
 Or wilt thou ride ? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
 Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
 Dost thou love hawking ? thou hast hawks will soar
 Above the morning lark. Or, wilt thou hunt,
 Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
 And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1. S. Say thou wilt course ; thy greyhounds are as swift
 As breathed stags ; ay, fleetier than the roe.
2. S. Dost thou love pictures ? we will fetch thee straight
 Adonis painted by a running brook, 50
 And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
 Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
 Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

- Lor. We'll show thee Io as she was a maid
 And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
 As lively painted as the deed was done.
3. S. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
 Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds,
 And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
 So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn. 60

- Lor. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord :
 Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
 Than any woman in this waning age.

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1. *S.* And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world ;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?
Or do I dream ? or have I dream'd till now ?
I do not sleep : I see, I hear, I speak ;
I smell sweet savours and I feel soft things :
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight,
And once again a pot o' the smallest ale.

70

2. *S.* Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands ?
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd !
O, that once more you knew but what you are !
These fifteen years you have been in a dream ;
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

80

Sly. These fifteen years ! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time ?

1. *S.* O, yes, my lord, but very idle words,
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door,
And rail upon the hostess of the house,
And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs, and no seal'd quarts :

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house. 90

3. *S.* Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends !

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee : thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page as a lady, attended

Lad. How fares my noble lord ? 100

Sly. Marry, I fare well ; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife ?

Lad. Here, noble lord : what is thy will with her ?

Sly. Are you my wife and will not call me husband ?
My men should call me ' lord : ' I am your goodman.

Lad. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband ;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well. What must I call her ?

Lor. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam ? 110

Lor. ' Madam,' and nothing else : so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd

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And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Lad. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Lad. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two ;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set :
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed :
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

120

Sly. Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long.
But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again :
I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the
blood.

Enter a Messenger

Mes. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy ;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

130

Sly. Marry, I will, let them play ; it is not a comonty, a †
Christmas gambold, or a tumbling-trick ?

Lad. No, my good lord ; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff ? 140

Lad. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we 'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my
side, and let the world slip : we shall ne'er be
younger. *Flourish*

Act First

SCENES I AND II

Padua. A public place

Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy ;
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply institute

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A course of learning, and ingenious studies.

Pisa renowned for grave citizens

10

Gave me my being, and my father first,

A merchant of great traffic through the world,

Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.

Vincentio's son brought up in Florence

It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,

To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds :

And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,

Virtue and that part of philosophy

Will I apply that treats of happiness

By virtue specially to be achiev'd.

20

Tell me thy mind, for I have Pisa left

And am to Padua come, as he that leaves

A shallow splash to plunge him in the deep,

And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Mi perdonato, gentle master mine ;

I am in all affected as yourself,

Glad that you thus continue your resolve

To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.

Only, good master, while we do admire

This virtue, and this moral discipline,

30

Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray,

Or so devote to Aristotle's checks

As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd :

Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
 And practise rhetoric in your common talk ;
 Music and poesy use, to quicken you ;
 The mathematics and the metaphysics,
 Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you :
 No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en :
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect. 40

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.

If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
 We could at once put us in readiness,
 And take a lodging fit to entertain
 Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
 But stay a while : what company is this ?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, and Hortensio.

Lucentio and Tranio stand by

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,

For how I firmly am resolv'd you know ;
 That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter 50
 Before I have a husband for the elder :
 If either of you both love Katharina,
 Because I know you well and love you well,
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather : she's too rough for me.

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?

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Kat. I pray you, sir, is it your will

To make a stale of me amongst these mates ?

Hor. Mates, maid ! how mean you that ? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. 60

Kat. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear :

Iwis it is not half way to her heart ;

But if it were, doubt not her care should be

To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool

And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us !

Gre. And me too, good Lord !

Tra. Husht, master ! here 's some good pastime toward :
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see 70
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio !

Tra. Well said, master : mum ! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good

What I have said, Bianca, get you in :

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,

For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kat. A pretty peat ! it is best

Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

Bia. Sister, content you in my discontent. 80

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :

My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio ! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange ?

Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue ?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye ; I am resolv'd : 90

Go in, Bianca : *Exit Bianca*

And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither ; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up :
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay ; 100
For I have more to commune with Bianca. *Exit*

Kat. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not ? What,
shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike, I knew
not what to take, and what to leave, ha ? *Exit*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam : your gifts are so

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

good, here's none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out : our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell : yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man 110 to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio : but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray ?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister. 120

Gre. A husband ? a devil.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell ?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell ; but I had as lief take her dowry with 130

this condition, to be whipp'd at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come ; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet Bianca ! Happy man be his dole ! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio ? 140

Gre. I am agreed ; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her ! Come on.

Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold !

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely ;
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness, 150
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst ;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now ;
Affection is not rated from the heart :
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so, 160
Redime te captum quam queas minimo. †

Luc. Gramercies, lad, go forward ; this contents :
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had, †
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more ? mark'd you not how her sister 170
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air :
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir : if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands :
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd

That till the father rid his hands of her, 180
Master, your love must live a maid at home ;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he !
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her ?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster, 190
And undertake the teaching of the maid :
That's your device.

Luc. It is : may it be done ?

Tra. Not possible ; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son ;
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen and banquet them ?

Luc. Basta ; content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master ; then it follows thus ; 200
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Keep house and port and servants, as I should :
I will some other be ; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so : Tranio, at once
Uncase thee ; take my colour'd hat and cloak :
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee ;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need.

In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is, 210
And I am tied to be obedient,
For so your father charged me at our parting ;
' Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
Although I think 'twas in another sense ;
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves,
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.
Here comes the rogue.

Enter Biondello

Sirrah, where have you been ? 220

Bio. Where have I been ? Nay, how now, where are you ?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes ?
Or you stolen his ? or both ? pray, what's the
news ?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither : 'tis no time to jest,
 And therefore frame your manners to the time.
 Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
 Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
 And I for my escape have put on his ;
 For in a quarrel since I came ashore 230
 I kill'd a man and fear I was descried :
 Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
 While I make way from hence to save my life :
 You understand me ?

Bio. Ay, sir ! (*aside*) ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth :

Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bio. The better for him : would I were so too !

Tra. So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
 That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
 But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's I advise 240
 You use your manners discreetly in all kind of com-
 panies :

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio ;
 But in all places else your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go : one thing more rests, that thyself
 execute, to make one among these wooers : if thou
 ask me why, sufficeth, my reasons are both good and
 weighty.

Exeunt

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

The presenters above speak

Serv. My lord, you nod ; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely :
comes there any more of it ? 250

Lad. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady :
would 'twere done ! *They sit and mark †*

Before Hortensio's house

Enter Petruchio and his man Grumio

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua ; but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio ; and I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio ; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir ? whom should I knock ? is there any
man has rebus'd your worship ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir ? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I
should knock you here, sir ? 10

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate

And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock
you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be ?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it ;

I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

He wrings him by the ears

Gru. Help, masters, help ! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain !

Enter Hortensio

Hor. How now ? what's the matter ? My old friend 20
Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio ? How do
you all at Verona ?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray ?

Con tutto il cuore ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio*
Petrucio.

Rise, Grumio, rise : we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If
this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,
look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him 30
soundly, sir : well, was it fit for a servant to use his
master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two-and-
thirty, a pip out ?

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain ! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate ? O heavens ! Spake you not
these words plain, ' Sirrah, knock me here, rap me 40
here, knock me well, and knock me soundly ' ? And
come you now with, ' knocking at the gate ' ?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience ; I am Grumio's pledge :
Why, this' a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona ?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home, 50
Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me :
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd ;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may :
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife ?
 Thou 'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel : 60
 And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich,
 And very rich : but thou 'rt too much my friend,
 And I 'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
 Few words suffice ; and therefore, if thou know
 One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
 (As wealth is burden of my wooing dance),
 Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
 As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd 70
 As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
 She moves me not, or not removes at least
 Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough
 As are the swelling Adriatic seas,
 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;
 If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind
 is : why, give him gold enough and marry him to a
 puppet or an aglet-baby, or an old trot with ne'er a
 tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases
 as two and fifty horses : why, nothing comes amiss, 80
 so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
 I will continue that I broach'd in jest.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman :
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd, and froward, so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is, 90
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace ! thou know'st not gold's effect :
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough ;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman :
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her, 100
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts.
O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she
would think scolding would do little good upon

him : she may perhaps call him half a score knaves
 or so : why, that 's nothing ; an he begin once, he 'll 110
 rail in his rope-tricks. I 'll tell you what, sir, an she
 stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her
 face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have
 no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know
 him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee ;
 For in Baptista's keep my treasure is :
 He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
 His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca ;
 And her withholds from me and other more, 120
 Suitors to her and rivals in my love ;
 Supposing it a thing impossible,
 For those defects I have before rehears'd,
 That ever Katharina will be woo'd ;
 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
 That none shall have access unto Bianca
 Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst !

A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace ; 130
 And offer me disguis'd in sober robes
 To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
 Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

That so I may by this device at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.

Gr. Here's no knavery ! See, to beguile the old folks,
how the young folks lay their heads together !

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised

Master, master, look about you : who goes there, ha ?

Hor. Peace, Grumio ! it is the rival of my love. 140
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gr. A proper stripling and an amorous !

Gre. O, very well ; I have perus'd the note.

Hark you, sir, I'll have them very fairly bound :

All books of love, see that at any hand ;

And see you read no other lectures to her :

You understand me : over and beside

Signior Baptista's liberality,

I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,

And let me have them very well perfum'd : 150

For she is sweeter than perfume itself

To whom they go to. What will you read to her ?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you

As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,

As firmly as yourself were still in place :

Yea, and perhaps with more successful words

Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning, what a thing it is !

Gru. O this woodcock, what an ass it is !

Pet. Peace, sirrah !

160

Hor. Grumio, mum ! God save you, Signior Gremio.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.

Trow you whither I am going ? To Baptista Minola.

I promised to inquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca :

And by good fortune I have lighted well

On this young man ; for learning and behaviour

Fit for her turn, well read in poetry

And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well ; and I have met a gentleman

170

Hath promised me to help me to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistress ;

So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me ; and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love ;

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,

I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,

180

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst Katharine,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold :

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend ? What countryman ?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son :

My father dead, my fortune lives for me ; 190

And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange !

But if you have a stomach, to 't a God's name,

You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild-cat ?

Pet. Will I live ?

Gre. Will he woo her ? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent ?

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears ?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds, 200

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field ?

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue ?

That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear
 As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?
 Tush, tush ! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark : 210

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
 My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors
 And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
 Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
 To the house of Signior Baptista Minola ?

Bio. He that has the two fair daughters : is 't he you 220
 mean ?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark, you sir ; you mean not her too ?

Tra. Perhaps him and her, sir : what have you to do ?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let 's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go ;
 Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no ?

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any offence ?

Gre. No ; if without more words you will get you hence. 230

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free

For me as for you ?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you ?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,

That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters ! if you be gentlemen,

Do me this right ; hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown,

And were his daughter fairer than she is, 240

She may more suitors have and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers ; †

Then well one more may fair Bianca have :

And so she shall ; Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this gentleman will out-talk us all !

Luc. Sir, give him head : I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words ?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,

Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter ? 250

Tra. No, sir ; but hear I do that he hath two,

The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me ; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules ;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth :
The youngest daughter whom you hearken for
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed :
The younger then is free and not before.

260

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest ;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive ;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

270

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack : in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law,

†

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bio. O excellent motion ! Fellows, let 's be gone.

Hor. The motion 's good indeed, and be it so,

Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto. *Exeunt* 280

Act Second

SCENE I

Padua. A room in Baptista's house

Enter Katharina and Bianca

Bia. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me,
That I disdain : but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat,
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kat. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best : see thou dissemble not.

Bia. Believe me, sister, 'of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face,
Which I could fancy, more than any other.

10

Kat. Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hortensio ?

Bia. If you affect him, sister, here I swear

I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kat. O then, belike, you fancy riches more :

You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bia. Is it for him you do envy me so ?

Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive

You have but jested with me all this while. 20

I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kat. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. *Strikes her*

Enter Baptista

Bap. Why, how now, dame ? whence grows this insolence ?

Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl ! she weeps.

Go ply thy needle ; meddle not with her.

For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee ?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word ?

Kat. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

Flies after Bianca

Bap. What, in my sight ? Bianca, get thee in. 30

Exit Bianca

Kat. What, will you not suffer me ? Nay, now I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband,

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day †

And for your love to her lead apes in hell.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Talk not to me, I will go sit and weep,

Till I can find occasion of revenge.

Exit

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?

But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man ; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musician ; and Tranio, with Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, 40
gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir; pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,

That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,

Her affability and bashful modesty,

Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,

50

Am bold to show myself a forward guest

Within your house, to make mine eye the witness

Of that report which I so oft have heard.

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

I do present you with a man of mine,

Presenting Hortensio

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
 To instruct her fully in those sciences,
 Whereof I know she is not ignorant :
 Accept of him, or else you do me wrong :
 His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

60

Bap. You're welcome, sir ; and he, for your good sake.
 But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
 She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
 Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
 Whence are you, sir ? what may I call your name ?

Pet. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son,
 A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well : you are welcome for his sake.

70

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
 Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too :
 Baccare ! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio ; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir ; but you will curse your wooing.
 Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of
 it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have
 been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely
 give unto you this young scholar (*presenting Lucentio*),
 that hath been long studying at Rheims, as cunning

80

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

in Greek, Latin and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics : his name is Cambio ; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. But, gentle sir (*to Tranio*), methinks you walk like a stranger : may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming ?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, 90
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest :
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books : 100
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name ; of whence, I pray ?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir : son to Vincentio. 61

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa ; by report
I know him well : you are very welcome, sir.

Take you the lute, and you the set of books ;
 You shall go see your pupils presently.
 Holla, within !

Enter a Servant

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
 To my daughters ; and tell them both,
 These are their tutors, bid them use them well. 110

Exit Servant, with Luc. and Hor., Bio. following

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
 And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
 And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
 And every day I cannot come to woo.
 You knew my father well, and in him me,
 Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
 Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd :
 Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
 What dowry shall I have with her to wife ? 120

Bap. After my death the one half of my lands,
 And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
 Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
 In all my land and leases whatsoever :
 Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
 That covenants may be kept on either hand.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love ; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you, father, 130
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all :
So I to her and so she yields to me ;
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed !
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds, 140
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broke

Bap. How now, my friend ! why dost thou look so pale ?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician ?

Hor. I think she 'll sooner prove a soldier :

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute ?

Hor. Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering ;

When, with a most impatient devilish spirit, 150

‘Frets, call you these?’ quoth she; ‘I’ll fume with them:’

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
 And through the instrument my pate made way;
 And there I stood amazed for a while,
 As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
 While she did call me rascal fiddler
 And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
 As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench; 160
 I love her ten times more than e’er I did:
 O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me and be not so discomfited:
 Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
 She’s apt to learn and thankful for good turns.
 Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
 Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,

Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, and Hortensio

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
 Say that she rail, why then I’ll tell her plain, 170
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
 Say that she frown, I’ll say she looks as clear
 As morning roses newly wash’d with dew:
 Say she be mute, and will not speak a word,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence :
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week :
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married. 180
But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katharina

Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.
Kat. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing :
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.
Pet. You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate, †
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation ; 190
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kat. Mov'd ! in good time : let him that mov'd you hither
Remove you hence : I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable ?

Kat. A join'd-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it ; come, sit on me.

Kat. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you. 200

Kat. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee !

For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kat. Too light for such a swain as you to catch ;

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be ! should—buzz !

Kat. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard take thee ?

Kat. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp, i' faith, you are too angry.

Kat. If I be waspish, best beware my sting. 210

Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.

Kat. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting ?

In his tail.

Kat. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue ?

Kat. Yours, if you talk of tales : and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail ? nay, come again,

Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Kat. That I'll try. *She strikes him*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kat. So may you lose your arms :

220

 If you strike me, you are no gentleman ;

 And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate ? O, put me in thy books !

Kat. What is your crest ? a coxcomb ?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kat. No cock of mine ; you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come ; you must not look so sour.

Kat. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here 's no crab, and therefore look not sour.

Kat. There is, there is.

230

Pet. Then show it me.

Kat. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face ?

Kat. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kat. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kat. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate : in sooth you scape not so.

Kat. I chafe you if I tarry : let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I find you passing gentle :

 'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,

 And now I find report a very liar ;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous, 240
 But slow in speech ; yet sweet as spring-time flowers :
 Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
 Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
 Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk ;
 But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
 With gentle conference, soft, and affable.
 Why does the world report that Kate doth limp ?
 O slanderous world ! Kate like the hazel-twigg
 Is straight, and slender, and as brown in hue
 As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels. 250
 O, let me see thee walk : thou dost not halt.

Kat. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove
 As Kate this chamber with her princely gait ?
 O be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
 And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful !

Kat. Where did you study all this goodly speech ?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kat. A witty mother ! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise ?

Kat. Yes, keep you warm. 260

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed :
 And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
 Thus in plain terms : your father hath consented

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on ;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you .
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn,
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me ;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate, 270
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates.
Here comes your father : never make denial ;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my
daughter ?

Pet. How but well, sir ? how but well ?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine ! in your dumps ?

Kat. Call you me daughter ? now, I promise you
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard, 280
To wish me wed to one half lunatic ;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus : yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her :
If she be curst, it is for policy,

For she's not froward, but modest as the dove,
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn,
 For patience she will prove a second Grissel, †
 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity : 290
 And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
 That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kat. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio ; she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding ? nay, then, good night our part !

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen ; I choose her for myself :

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you ?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe 300

How much she loves me : O, the kindest Kate !

She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

O, you are novices ! 'tis a world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.

Give me thy hand, Kate, I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day ;

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests, 310

I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Bap. I know not what to say : but give me your hands ;
God send you joy, Petruchio ! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we : we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu,
I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace,
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina severally

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly ?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part, 320
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you :
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch :
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter :
Now is the day we long have looked for :
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I. 331

Tra. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back, 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen : I will compound this strife :

'Tis deeds must win the prize ; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

Gra. First, as you know, my house within the city 340

Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands ;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry ;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold, in needlework,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping : then at my farm 350
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me :

I am my father's heir and only son :
If I may have your daughter to my wife,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

- I'll leave her houses three or four as good, 360
 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
 Old Signior Gremio has in Padua ;
 Besides, two thousand ducats by the year
 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
 What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio ?
- Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year of land !
 My land amounts not to so much in all :
 That she shall have, besides an argosy
 That now is lying in Marseilles' road.
 What, have I chok'd you with an argosy ? 370
- Tra.* Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
 Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses,
 And twelve tight galleys ; these I will assure her,
 And twice as much whate'er thou offer'st next.
- Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more,
 And she can have no more than all I have :
 If you like me, she shall have me and mine.
- Tra.* Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
 By your firm promise : Gremio is out-vied.
- Bap.* I must confess your offer is the best, 380
 And, let your father make her the assurance,
 She is your own ; else, you must pardon me,
 If you should die before him, where's her dower ?
- Tra.* That's but a cavil : he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die as well as old ?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,

I am thus resolv'd ; on Sunday next you know

My daughter Katharine is to be married :

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca

Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ; 390

If not, to Signior Gremio :

And so, I **take** my leave, and thank you both.

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.

Exit Baptista

Now I fear thee not :

Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool

To give thee all, and in his waning age

Set foot under thy table : tut, a toy !

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. *Exit*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide !

Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.

'Tis in my head to do my master good : 400

I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio

Must get a father, call'd suppos'd Vincentio,

And that 's a wonder : fathers commonly

Do get their children ; but in this case of wooing,

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.

Exit

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Act Third

SCENE I

Padua. Baptista's house

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca

Luc. Fiddler, forbear ; you grow too forward, sir :
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal ?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony :
Then give me leave to have prerogative,
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd !
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies, or his usual pain ?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bia. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice :

10

I am no breeching scholar in the schools ;
 I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
 But learn my lessons as I please myself. 20
 And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :
 Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,
 His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You 'll leave his lecture when I am in tune ?

Luc. That will be never : tune your instrument.

Bia. Where left we last ?

Luc. Here, madam :

*' Hic ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;
 Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'*

Bia. Construe them. 30

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,
 —*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*,
 disguised thus to get your love ;—*Hic steterat*, and
 that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,—*Priami*, is my
 man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*,
 that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument 's in tune.

Bia. Let 's hear. O fie ! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bia. Now let me see if I can construe it : 40

Hic ibat Simois, I know you not,—*hic est Sigeia
 tellus*, I trust you not,—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

he hear us not,—*regia*, presume not,—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the bass.

Hor. The bass is right ; 'tis the base knave that jars.

(*aside*) How fiery and forward our pedant is !

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love :

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bia. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

30

Luc. Mistrust it not ; for, sure, *Æacides*

Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bia. I must believe my master ; else, I promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt :

But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you :

Good master, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while ;

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir ? well, I must wait,

60

(*aside*) And watch withal ; for, but I be deceiv'd,

Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of art,

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
 Than hath been taught by any of my trade,
 And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bia. Why, I am past my gamut long ago. 70

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bia. (*reads*) ' *Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord :

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion ;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C fa ut, that loves with all affection :

D sol re, one clef, two notes have I :

E la mi, show pity, or I die.'

Call you this gamut ? tut, I like it not :

Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice,

To change true rules for old inventions. †

Enter a Servant

Ser. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books, 81

And help to dress your sister's chamber up :

You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bia. Farewell, sweet masters both ; I must be gone.

Exeunt Bianca and Servant

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. *Exit*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant ;

Methinks he looks as though he were in love :

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,

To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Seize thee that list : if once I find thee ranging, 90
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit*

SCENE II

Padua. Before Baptista's house

*Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca,
Lucentio, and others, attendants*

Bap. Signior Lucentio (*to Tranio*), this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said ? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage !
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours ?

Kat. No shame but mine : I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen 10
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour :
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make feast, invite friends, and proclaim the banns,

Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
 Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
 And say, ' Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
 If it would please him come and marry her ! ' 20

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
 Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word :
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise ;
 Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.

Kat. Would Katharine had never seen him though !

Exit weeping, followed by Bianca and others

Bap. Go, girl, I cannot blame thee now to weep,
 For such an injury would vex a saint,
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello

Bio. Master, master ! news, new news, old news, and such †
 news as you never heard of ! 31

Bap. Is it new and old too ? how may that be ?

Bio. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming ?

Bap. Is he come ?

Bio. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then ?

Bio. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here ?

Bio. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Tra. But say, what to thine old news ?

40

Bio. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd ; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd ; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless ; with two broken points : his horse hipp'd with an † old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred ; besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, ray'd with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, sway'd in the back, and shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half-cheek'd bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and new repair'd with knots ; one girth six times piec'd and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with pack-thread. 50

60

Bap. Who comes with him ?

Bio. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse ; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue

list ; an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies †
 prick'd in 't for a feather : a monster, a very monster
 in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy, or a
 gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion ;
 Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd. 70

Bap. I am glad he 's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bio. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes ?

Bio. Who ? that Petruchio came ?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bio. No, sir ; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that 's all one.

Bio. Nay, by Saint Jamy,

I hold you a penny,

A horse and a man 80

Is more than one,

And yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio

Pet. Come, where be these gallants ? who 's at home ?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate ? where is my lovely bride ?
How does my father ? Gentles, methinks you frown.
And wherefore gaze this goodly company, 90
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy ?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day :
First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder that you come so unprovided :
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival !

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself ? 100

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear :
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress,
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate ? I stay too long from her,
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes,
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me, thus I'll visit her. 110

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus ; therefore ha' done with words,

To me she 's married, not unto my clothes :
 Could I repair what she will wear in me
 As I can change these poor accoutrements,
 'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
 But what a fool am I to chat with you,
 When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
 And seal the title with a lovely kiss !

Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire : 120

We will persuade him, be it possible,
 To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I 'll after him, and see the event of this.

Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and attendants

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add †

Her father's liking : which to bring to pass,
 As I before imparted to your worship,
 I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
 It skills not much, we 'll fit him to our turn,—
 And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
 And make assurance here in Padua 130
 Of greater sums than I have promised.
 So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
 And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage ;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business : 140
We'll over-reach the greybeard Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio,
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter Gremio

Signior Gremio, came you from the church ?
Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.
Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home ?
Gre. A bridegroom say you ? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
Tra. Curster than she ? why, 'tis impossible. 150
Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him !

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio : when the priest
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he ; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book,

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
 This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
 That down fell priest and book, and book and priest : 160
 'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

Tra. What said the wench when he arose again ?

Gre. Trembled and shook ; for why he stamp'd and swore,
 As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,
 He calls for wine : 'A health !' quoth he ; as if
 He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
 After a storm : quaff'd off the muscadel,
 And threw the sops all in the sexton's face ;
 Having no other reason

170

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
 And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
 This done, he took the bride about the neck,
 And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
 That at the parting all the church did echo :
 And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame,
 And after me I know the rout is coming.

Such a mad marriage never was before :

Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play. *Music*

*Re-enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio,
 Grumio, and Train*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains : 180

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer,
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night ?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come,
Make it no wonder ; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife :
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

190

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kat. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kat. Are you content to stay ?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kat. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse.

200

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready, the oats have eaten the horses.

Kat. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day,
 No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself ;
 The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
 You may be jogging whiles your boots are green ;
 For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself :
 'Tis like you 'll prove a jolly surly groom,
 That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee, prithee, be not angry. 210

Kat. I will be angry, what hast thou to do ?
 Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner :
 I see a woman may be made a fool,
 If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.
 Obey the bride, you that attend on her ;
 Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
 Carouse full measure to her maidenhead, 220
 Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves :
 But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
 Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,
 I will be master of what is mine own ;
 She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house, †
 My household stuff, my field, my barn,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing,
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare,
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio, 230
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves,
Rescue thy mistress if thou be a man :
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate,
I'll buckler thee against a million.

Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what 's your opinion of your sister ?

Bia. That, being mad herself, she 's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated. 240

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom
wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast.

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place ;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it ?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let 's go.

Exeunt

Act Fourth

SCENE I

Petruchio's country house

Enter Grumio

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways ! Was ever man so beaten ? was ever man so ray'd ? was ever man so weary ? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me : but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself ; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, 10
ho Curtis !

Enter Curtis

Cur. Who is that calls so coldly ?

Gru. A piece of ice : if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Cur. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio ?

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Gr. O, ay, Curtis, ay, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no water.

Cur. Is she so hot a shrew as she 's reported ?

Gr. She was, good Curtis, before this frost : but thou 20
know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast ; for
it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress,
and myself, fellow Curtis.

Cur. Away, you three-inch fool ! I am no beast.

Gr. Am I but three inches ? why, thy horn is a foot, and
so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a
fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress,
whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon
feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot
office ?

30

Cur. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world ?

Gr. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine ; and
therefore fire : do thy duty, and have thy duty, for
my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Cur. There 's fire ready, and therefore, good Grumio, the
news.

Gr. Why, ' Jack, boy ! ho ! boy ! ' and as much news as
thou wilt.

Cur. Come, you are so full of cony-catching !

Gr. Why, therefore fire, for I have caught extreme cold. 40
Where 's the cook, is supper ready, the house trimm'd,

rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept ; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on ? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order ?

Cur. All ready ; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired ; my master and mistress fallen out.

Cur. How ?

50

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Cur. Here.

Gru. There.

Strikes him

Cur. This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale : and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin : *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

60

Cur. Both of one horse ?

Gru. What's that to thee ?

Cur. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale : but hadst thou not cross'd me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

she under her horse ; thou shouldst have heard in
how miry a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he
left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me
because her horse stumbled, how she waded through 70
the dirt to pluck him off me ; how he swore, how
she pray'd, that never pray'd before ; how I cried,
how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst ;
how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy
memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and
thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Cur. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall
find when he comes home. But what talk I of this ?
Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, 80
Sugarsop and the rest : let their heads be slickly
comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of
an indifferent knit ; let them curtsy with their left
legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's
horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all
ready ?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you hear, ho ? you must meet my master to
countenance my mistress !

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own. 90

Cur. Who knows not that ?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five serving-men

Nat. Welcome home, Grumio !

Phi. How now, Grumio !

Jos. What, Grumio !

Nic. Fellow Grumio !

100

Nat. How now, old lad ?

Gru. Welcome, you ;—how now, you ;—what, you ;—fellow, you ;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat ?

Nat. All things is ready. How near is our master ?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this ; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence ! I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharina

Pet. Where be these knaves ? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse ?
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip ?

110

All Serv. Here, here, sir ; here, sir.

Pet. Here sir, here sir, here sir, here sir ?

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms !

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

What? no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant, swain, you whoreson malt-horse
drudge,

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee? 120

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made, †
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

Exeunt Servants

(*singing*) Where is the life that late I led—
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.— 130
Food, food, food, food! †

Re-enter Servants with supper

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be
merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?

(*sings*) It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, you rogue, you pluck my foot awry :
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other

Strikes him

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here ; what, ho !

Enter one with water

Where 's my spaniel Troilus ? Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither : 140
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted
with.

Where are my slippers ? Shall I have some water ?
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.
You whoreson villain, will you let it fall ?

Strikes him

Kat. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave !
Come, Kate, sit down ; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I ?
What 's this ? mutton ?

I.S. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it ?

Peter. 1.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat. 150
What dogs are these ? where is the rascal cook ?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not ?

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all :

Throws the meat, &c., about the stage

You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves !

What, do you grumble ? I'll be with you straight.

Kat. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet,
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it ; 160
For it engenders choler, planteth anger ;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since of ourselves ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient, to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And for this night we 'll fast for company :
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

Exeunt

Re-enter Servants severally

Nat. Peter, didst ever see the like ?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis

Gru. Where is he ? 170

Cur. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to
her ;

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,

And sits ~~as~~ one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away ! for he is coming hither.

Exeunt

Re-enter Petruchio above

†

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,

And 'tis my hope to end successfully.

My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,

And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd, 180

For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard,

To make her come, and know her keeper's call ;

That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites

That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient :

She ate no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;

Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not ;

As with the meat, some undeserved fault

I'll find about the making of the bed,

And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster, 190

This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :

Ay, and amid this hurly I intend

That all is done in reverend care of her,

And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night,

And if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,

And with the clamour keep her still awake :

This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,

And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak, 'tis charity to shew. *Exit* 200

SCENE II

Padua. Before Baptista's house

Enter Tranio and Hortensio

Tra. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bia. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

Bia. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart! 10

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despitful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,

Nor a musician, as I seem to be,
 But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
 For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
 And makes a god of such a cullion : 20
 Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
 Of your entire affection to Bianca,
 And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
 I will with you, if you be so contented,
 Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court ! Signior Lucentio,
 Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
 Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
 As one unworthy all the former favours 30
 That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
 Never to marry with her, though she would entreat :
 Fie on her ! see, how beastly she doth court him !

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn !
 For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
 I will be married to a wealthy widow,
 Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me
 As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard ;
 And so farewell, Signior Lucentio. 40
 Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Shall win my love : and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

Exit

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case ?
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bia. Tranio, you jest : but have you both forsworn me ?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he 'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

†
‡

Bia. God give him joy.

Tra. Ay, and he 'll tame her.

Bia. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bia. The taming-school ! what, is there such a place ?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master,
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello

Bio. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I am dog-weary ! but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

60

Tra. What is he, Biondello ?

Bio. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what ; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio ?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

70

Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca

Enter a Pedant

Ped. God save you, sir !

Tra. And you, sir ! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest ?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two :
But then up farther, and as far as Rome ;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray ?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir ? marry, God forbid !
And come to Padua, careless of your life ?

Ped. My life, sir ! how, I pray ? for that goes hard. 80

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause ?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice, and the Duke,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly :
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so,
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them. 90

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you :
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa ?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio ?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him ;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir ; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you. 100

Bio. (*aside*) As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake ;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd :
Look that you take upon you as you should ;

You understand me, sir ? so shall you stay
 Till you have done your business in the city : 110
 If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O sir, I do, and will repute you ever
 The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good ;
 This by the way I let you understand,
 My father is here look'd for every day,
 To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
 'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here :
 In all these circumstances I 'll instruct you :
 Go with me to clothe you as becomes you. *Exeunt* 120

SCENE III

A room in Petruchio's house

Enter Katharina and Grumio

Gru. No, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.

Kat. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears :
 What, did he marry me to famish me ?
 Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
 Upon entreaty have a present alms,
 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :
 But I, who never knew how to entreat,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed, 10
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love ;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.
I prithee go, and get me some repast ;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot ?

Kat. 'Tis passing good, I prithee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd ? 20

Kat. I like it well, good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell, I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard ?

Kat. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kat. Why then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay then, I will not ; you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kat. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

Gru. Why then, the mustard and without the beef. †

Kat. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, 31

Beats him

That feed'st me with the very name of meat :
 Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you
 That triumph thus upon my misery !
 Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with meat

Pet. How fares my Kate ? What, sweeting, all amourt ?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer ?

Kat. Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love, thou see'st how diligent I am,
 To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee : 40
 I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
 What, not a word ? Nay then, thou lov'st it not ;
 And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
 Here, take away this dish.

Kat. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
 And so shall mine be 'fore you touch the meat. †

Kat. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie ! you are to blame :
 Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me. 50
 Much good do it unto thy gentle heart !
 Kate, eat apace : and now, my honey love,
 Will we return unto thy father's house,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs, and fardingales and things ;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd ? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure. 60

Enter Tailor

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments ;
Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher

What news with you, sir ?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet dish : fie, fie ! 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap :
Away with it ! come, let *me* have a bigger.

Kat. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these. 70

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. (aside) That will not be in haste.

Kat. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will ; I am no child, no babe :

Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,
 And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
 My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
 Or else my heart concealing it will break,
 And rather than it shall, I will be free,
 Even to the uttermost as I please in words. 80

Pet. Why, thou say'st true, it is a paltry cap,
 A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie ;
 I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Kat. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
 And it I will have, or I will have none.

Exit Haberdasher

Pet. Thy gown ? why, ay : come, tailor, let us see 't.
 O mercy, God ! what masquing stuff is here ?
 What 's this ? a sleeve ? 'tis like a demi-cannon :
 What, up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart ?
 Here 's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash, 90
 Like to a censer in a barber's shop :
 Why, what, a devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this ?

Hor. (aside) I see she 's like to have neither cap nor
 gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
 According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did ; but if you be remember'd,
 I did not bid you mar it to the time.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir :
I'll none of it : hence ! make your best of it. 100

Kat. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable :
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true, he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance ! Thou liest, thou thread,
thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou !
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread ? 110
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st !
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd ; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction :
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order ; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made ?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread. 120

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut ?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me : thou hast brav'd many men ; brave not me ; I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. Ergo, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat if he say I said so. 130

Tai. (reads) ' Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown : '

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread ; I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. (reads) ' With a small compassed cape : '

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. (reads) ' With a trunk sleeve : '

Gru. I confess two sleeves

Tai. (reads) ' The sleeves curiously cut.' 140

Pet. Ay, there 's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir ; error i' the bill ! I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sew'd up again, and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be arm'd in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say, an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Gru. I am for thee straight : take thou the bill, give me
thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio ! then he shall have no odds. 150

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir, 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life : take up my mistress' gown
for thy master's use !

Pet. Why, sir, what 's your conceit in that ?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for :
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use ! O,
fie, fie, fie !

Pet. (*aside*) Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid. 160
Go take it hence ; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. (*aside*) Tailor, I 'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow :
Take no unkindness of his hasty words :
Away ! I say ; commend me to thy master.

Exit Tailor

Pet. Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments :
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor ;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich :
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit. 170
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
 Or is the adder better than the eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the eye ?
 O, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse
 For this poor furniture and mean array.
 If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me,
 And therefore frolic : we will hence forthwith,
 To feast and sport us at thy father's house ;
 Go, call my men, and let us straight to him, 180
 And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
 There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
 Let 's see, I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
 And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kat. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two,
 And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse :
 Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
 You are still crossing it. Sirs, let 't alone :
 I will not go to-day, and ere I do, 190
 It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so this gallant will command the sun. *Exeunt*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

SCENE IV

Padua. Before Baptista's house

*Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio, booted
and bare-headed*

Tra. Sir, this is the house : please it you that I call ?

Ped. Ay, what else ? and but I be deceiv'd

Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well ; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Ped. I warrant you.

Enter Biondello

But, sir, here comes your boy,

'Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,

Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you :
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bio. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista ?

Bio. I told him that your father was at Venice ;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow : hold thee that to drink.

Here comes Baptista : set your countenance, sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

(*to the Pedant*) Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of: 20

I pray you, stand good father to me now,

Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!

Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua

To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio

Made me acquainted with a weighty cause

Of love between your daughter and himself:

And, for the good report I hear of you,

And for the love he beareth to your daughter,

And she to him, to stay him not too long, 30

I am content, in a good father's care,

To have him match'd, and, if you please to like

No worse than I, upon some agreement

Me shall you find ready and willing

With one consent to have her so bestow'd;

For curious I cannot be with you,

Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:

Your plainness and your shortness please me well.

Right true it is, your son Lucentio here 40

Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Or both dissemble deeply their affections :
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done :

Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best
We be affied and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

50

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio, for you know
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants :
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,
And happily we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you :
There doth my father lie ; and there this night
We 'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here ;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

60

Bap. It likes me well. Cambio, hie you home.
And bid Bianca make her ready straight ;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she 's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Bio. I pray the gods she may with all my heart !

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Exit Biondello

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?

Welcome ! one mess is like to be your cheer : 70

Come, sir ; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you. *Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista*

Re-enter Biondello

Bio. Cambio.

Luc. What sayest thou, Biondello ?

Bio. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you ?

Luc. Biondello, what of that ?

Bio. Faith, nothing ; but has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bio. Then thus : Baptista is safe, talking with the de- 80
ceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him ?

Bio. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then ?

Bio. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this ?

Bio. I cannot tell ; expect they are busied about a counter- †
feit assurance : take you assurance of her, *cum privi-*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

legio ad imprimendum solum: to the church ; take 90
the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses :
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello ?

Bio. I cannot tarry : I knew a wench married in an after-
noon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a
rabbit ; and so may you, sir : and so, adieu, sir.
My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's,
to bid the priest be ready to come against you come
with your appendix. *Exit* 100

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented :
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt ?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her :
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. *Exit*

SCENE V

A public road

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Servants

Pet. Come on, a God's name, once more toward our
father's :
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the
moon !

Kat. The moon ? the sun : it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kat. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
 It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
 Or ere I journey to your father's house :
 Go on, and fetch our horses back again ;
 Evermore cross'd and cross'd, nothing but cross'd ! 10

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kat. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
 And be it moon, or sun, or what you please :
 An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
 Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kat. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie : it is the blessed sun.

Kat. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun :
 But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;
 And the moon changes even as your mind. 20
 What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
 And so it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. (aside) Petruchio, go thy ways ; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward ! thus the bowl should run,
 And not unluckily against the bias.
 But, soft ! company is coming here.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Enter Vincentio

(*to Vincentio*) Good morrow, gentle mistress : where
away ?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks ! 30
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee :
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. A' will make the man mad to make a woman of
him.

Kat. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode ?
Happy the parents of so fair a child ;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow ! 40

Pet. Why, how now, Kate ? I hope thou art not mad ;
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kat. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green :
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father ;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire, and withal make known
Which way thou travellest ; if along with us, 50
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa,
And bound I am to Padua ; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name ?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy son :
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father : 60
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married : wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd : she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;
Beside, so qualified, as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman :
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure, 70
Like pleasant travellers to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake ?

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof,
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

Exeunt all but Hortensio

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow, and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

Exit

Act Fifth

SCENE I

Padua. Before Lucentio's house

*Gremio discovered. Enter behind Biondello, Lucentio,
and Bianca*

Bio. Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello : but they may chance to need thee
at home, therefore leave us.

Bio. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back, and then
come back to my master's as soon as I can.

Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, Grumio, with Attendants

Pet. Sir, here 's the door, this is Lucentio's house,
My father's bears more toward the market-place,
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go : 10
I think I shall command your welcome here ;
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. *Knocks*

Gre. They 're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Pedant looks out of the window

Ped. What 's he that knocks as he would beat down the
gate ?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir ?

Ped. He 's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two,
to make merry withal ?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself : he shall 20
need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.
Do you hear, sir ?—to leave frivolous circumstances,
—I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio, that his father is
come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with
him.

Ped. Thou liest : his father has come from Padua, and
here looking out at the window.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Vin. Art thou his father ?

Ped. Ay, sir, so his mother says, if I may believe her. 30

Pet. (to Vincentio) Why, how now, gentleman ? why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain ; I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello

Bio. I have seen them in the church together, God send 'em good shipping ! But who is here ? mine old master Vincentio ! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. (seeing Biondello) Come hither, crack-hemp.

Bio. I hope I may choose, sir. 40

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me ?

Bio. Forgot you ! no, sir : I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio ?

Bio. What, my old worshipful old master ? yes, marry, sir : see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is 't so, indeed ? *Beats Biondello*

Bio. Help, help, help, here 's a madman will murder me. 50

Exit

Ped. Help, son ! help, Signior Baptista !

Exit from above

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let 's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. *They retire*

Re-enter Pedant below ; Tranio, Baptista, and Servants

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant ?

Vin. What am I, sir ? nay, what are you, sir ? O immortal gods ! O fine villain ! A silken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak, and a copatain hat ? O, I am undone, I am undone ! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

60

Tra. How now ? what 's the matter ?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic ?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit ; but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, ' what 'cerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold ? ' I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father ? O villain, he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name ?

70

Vin. His name ? as if I knew not his name : I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Ped. Away, away, mad ass, his name is Lucentio, and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio ! O, he hath murdered his master ! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name. O, my son, my son ! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio ?

80

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol ?

Gre. Stay, officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio : I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business : I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

90

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the gaol with him !

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd :

O monstrous villain !

Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca

Bio. O, we are spoil'd ! and yonder he is : deny him,
forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. *Kneeling*

Vin. Lives my sweet son ? 100

Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be

Bia. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended ?

Where is Lucentio ?

Luc. Here 's Lucentio,

Right son to the right Vincentio ;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here 's packing with a witness, to deceive us all !

Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio,

That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so ?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio ?

Bia. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio. 110

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the town,

And happily I have arriv'd at the last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to ;

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir, have you married my daughter 120
without asking my good will ?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista, we will content you, go to : but
I will in, to be reveng'd for this villany. *Exit*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. *Exit*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca, thy father will not frown.

Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca

Gre. My cake is dough : but I'll in among the rest,

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. *Exit*

Kat. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kat. What, in the midst of the street ? 130

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me ?

Kat. No, sir, God forbid, but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again. Come, sirrah, let's
away.

Kat. Nay, I will give thee a kiss, now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well ? Come, my sweet Kate :

Better once than never, for never too late. *Exeunt*

SCENE II

Padua. Lucentio's house

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow, Tranio, Biondello, and Grumio: the Serving-men with Tranio bringing in a banquet

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree :
 And time it is, when raging war is done,
 To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
 My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
 While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.
 Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,
 And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
 Feast with the best, and welcome to my house :
 My banquet is to close our stomachs up
 After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down, 10
 For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat !

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense :

I mean Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round. 20

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kat. Mistress, how mean you that ?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me ? How likes Hortensio that ?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended ; kiss him for that, good widow.

Kat. ' He that is giddy thinks the world turns round : '

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,

Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe :

And now you know my meaning. 30

Kat. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kat. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate !

Hor. To her, widow !

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer ; ha' to thee, lad.

Drinks to Hortensio

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks ?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bia. Head, and butt ! an hasty-witted body 40

Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you ?

Bia. Ay, but not frightened me, therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not since you have begun :

Have at you for a better jest or two !

Bia. Am I your bird ? I mean to shift my bush,

And then pursue me as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all.

Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not ; 50

Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself :

'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio ! Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here ?

Pet. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess ; 60

And, as the jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no : and therefore for assurance

Let 's each one send unto his wife,

And he whose wife is most obedient,

To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What 's the wager ?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

70

Pet. Twenty crowns ?

I 'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match, 'tis done !

Hor. Who shall begin ?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bio. I go.

Exit

Bap. Son, I 'll be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I 'll have no halves ; I 'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello

How now, what news ?

Bio. Sir, my mistress sends you word

80

That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How ? she 's busy, and she cannot come :

Is that an answer ?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too :

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife

To come to me forthwith. *Exit Biondello*

Pet. O, ho, entreat her,

Nay, then she must needs come !

Hor. I am afraid, sir,

Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter Biondello

Now, where 's my wife ?

90

Bio. She says you have some goodly jest in hand,
She will not come ; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse ; she will not come ! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured !

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress,

Say, I command her come to me. *Exit Grumio*

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What ?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina !

Re-enter Katharina

Kat. What is your will, sir, that you send for me ?

100

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife ?

Kat. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither : if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands :
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

Exit Katharina

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is : I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy ;
And, to be short, what not, that 's sweet and happy ? 110

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio !
The wager thou hast won, and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See where she comes and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion. 120

Re-enter Katharina, with Bianca and Widow

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,

Till I be brought to such a silly pass !

Bia. Fie, what a foolish duty call you this ?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too :

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

Hath cost me five score crowns since supper-time. †

Bia. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women 130

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you 're mocking : we will have no
telling.

Pet. Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall, and first begin with her.

Kat. Fie, fie ! unknit that threatening unkind brow,

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor :

It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads,

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds, 140

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty,

And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,

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And for thy maintenance ; commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold, 150
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ? 160
I am asham'd that women are so simple,
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts ?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours, 170
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;

But now I see our lances are but straws,
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are,
 Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
 And place your hands below your husband's foot :
 In token of which duty, if he please,
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there 's a wench ! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad ; for thou shalt ha 'r. 181

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we 'll to bed.

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white ;

To Lucentio

And, being a winner, God give you good night !

Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrow.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

Exeunt

Notes

Ind. i. 7. *Go by, S. Jeronimy*; there was a passage in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* (III. xii. 31), "*Hieronimo beware; go by, go by*," which became almost a catch phrase of the time. Sly is muddling Hieronimo with Saint Jerome (Hieronymus). And cf. *King Lear*, III. iv. 47.

Ind. i. 15. *Brach Merriman*; thus F. *Brach* is clearly a corruption for a word describing a curative operation. Dover Wilson suggests *Broach*, i.e. 'let blood.'

Ind. i. 62. *And when he says he is, say that he dreams*; Johnson conjectured *says he is Sly, say that*, which is accepted by Dover Wilson as "surely as certain as most received emendations." Graphically it is no doubt easy, but the trouble is that there has been no sort of indication that Sly is anything to the Lord but a nameless drunken man. Much more likely, I think, is an omitted line, e.g.:

*And when he says he is [a common man,
Whate'er he says he is], say that he dreams.*

Ind. i. 86. *Soto*; F. heads this speech *Sincklo*, one of the interesting cases where the copy has given the name of the actor instead of the name of his part. Sincler or Sincklo was an actor, so far as we have a record, of only minor parts in Shakespeare's company. *Soto* is a character in Fletcher's *Women Pleased* (1620). Either, therefore, the passage before us is a late insertion, or there was a much earlier version of *Women Pleased*, which is here alluded to. The latter is the more probable, since the Lord's description of *Soto's* part does not correspond with the play as we have it.

Ind. ii. 18, 21. *Burton-beath*; probably Barton-on-the-Heath,

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16 miles from Stratford. *Wincot*; there was a Wincot 4 miles from Stratford, a Wilmecote near Tamworth, and a Wilmcote where Shakespeare's mother was born. The second of these, though the most distant from Stratford, was celebrated in some verses of 1658 as being the Wincot of this play.

Ind. ii. 137. *comonty*; we should perhaps read *commodity*, which gives the blunder more point, and is supported by a passage in *A Shrew*, *You may have a Tragical or a comoditie, or what you will*.

I. i. 161. *Redime* . . .; Terence, *Eunuchus*, I. i. 30, as given, slightly changed, in Lily's Latin grammar, "Ransom yourself from captivity at the lowest figure you can."

I. i. 167. *daughter of Agenor*; Europa.

I. i. 253. *They sit and mark*: and so we leave them, sitting and marking till the end of time, since there is not so much as a stage-direction for them throughout the rest of the play. The natural conjecture is that the immobilisation of three actors was found so wasteful of man-power that in some revision their incidental comments from here to the end of the play were cut out, and they released for doubling (see New Cambridge edition). Their contributions in the rest of the play are given at the end of the Notes.

I. ii. 242. *Leda's daughter*; Helen of Troy.

I. ii. 274. *contrive*; the word in the sense of 'pass the time' is so rare (and not used elsewhere by Shakespeare) that one is tempted to think it conceals some word meaning simply 'meet.'

II. i. 33-34. *dance bare-foot . . . lead apes in bell*; traditional occupations of old maids. Cf. *Much Ado*, II. i. 37.

II. i. 189. *Kates*; with a pun on 'cates' so clear that it need not be stressed by changing the F spelling.

II. i. 289. *Grissel*; see Chaucer's *Clerkes Tale* (and *Decameron*).

III. i. 80. *old*; so F, and it might stand, in the half-comical half-

contemptuous sense it often bears, were it not for *old* in the line above; and we should probably accept *odd* (Theobald).

III. ii. 30. *Master, master . . .*; F reads *Master, master, newes, and such newes as you neuer heard of*. From Baptista's question it is clear that *old* has dropped out somewhere, and we can insert much as we please, remembering that the compositor's eye was probably caught by the wrong *newes*.

III. ii. 46. *his horse bipp'd . . .*; thus F (reading *hip'd*). The New Cambridge editors say that this makes nonsense, and would postpone the horse, reading *with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred; his horse bipped besides. . .* But this gives us a saddle before we have a horse to put it on. The corruption surely lies in *hip'd*; (? 'quipp'd, i.e. equipped).

III. ii. 65. *the humour of forty fancies*; wholly obscure, probably some topical allusion to which we have lost the key. It is to be noticed (though the fact is hardly illuminating) that Tranio seems to pick up the phrase in l. 69.

III. ii. 124. As the New Cambridge editors point out, there are evident signs of dislocation here. Tranio's immediately preceding remark implies that he is going after Petruchio; but he stays and appears to be in the middle of a conversation with Lucentio, of whom there is no sign in the F stage-direction at the beginning of the scene. And as the scene stands only twenty lines are provided for Petruchio to meet Katharine, for them to go to church and get married, and for Gremio to return.

III. ii. 225. *she is my house . . .*; as this line has a syllable too many, and the next two too few, one suspects a dropped syllable and mislineation, e.g. *chattels, ay, she is My house, my household goods . . .*

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IV. i. 121. There is a deal of confusion hereabouts in the servants' names (? a sign of revision, or of mere carelessness).

IV. i. 131. *Food* . . . ; F reads *Soud*. The reading in the text is that of the New Cambridge editors. One would be happier about it if it were not for the oddity that a compositor should misread a word at once commonplace and apposite, even if in the spelling *foud*; and I suspect that it conceals some expletive. (At the corresponding place *A Shrew* has *Soumes*.)

IV. i. 176 (S.D.). The *above* is adopted from the New Cambridge edition.

IV. ii. 50-56. The New Cambridge editors have a note on this passage which I do not understand: "Tranio seems to know much more of Hortensio's plans than the information he has just received would warrant. Hortensio has said nothing about his widow or of calling at Petruchio's house on the way. The passage has some connection with the alteration which has affected Hortensio's part throughout the play." Hortensio, though he has said nothing of his visit to Petruchio, has been quite explicit about the widow in ll. 37, 38.

IV. iii. 30. *mustard and without*; F reads *mustard without*, so that the line halts (the *and* would be easily dropped from similarity with the *ard* of *mustard*).

IV. iii. 46. *mine be, 'fore*; F reads *mine before*.

IV. iv. 88. *expect*; so F, but it is tempting to read *except*.

V. ii. 128. *five score*; F reads *five hundred*, which scans awkwardly and is not in accord with the facts. The usual emendation is *an hundred*; but this takes no real account of the *five*. I suggest a confusion between *an hundred* and the metrically better *five score* which was substituted for it.

Appendix

At a point corresponding roughly to the interval between Acts I and II, *A Shrew* has the following :

Sly. *Sim, when will the fool come again ?*

Lord. *He'll come again, my Lord, anon.*

Sly. *Give's some more drink here, souns where's the tapster ? Here, Sim, eat some of these things.*

Lord. *So I do, my Lord.*

Sly. *Here, Sim, I drink to thee.*

Lord. *My Lord, here comes the players again.*

Sly. *O brave, here's two fine gentlewomen.*

It is worth mentioning that after this follows a vigorous rendering on the stage of Katharine's lute-armed assault on her tutor, which is reduced in *The Shrew* to the stage-direction at l. 192 and the brief description which follows.

Some time later comes a brief interchange which would fit not inaptly at the 'dislocation-point' in III. ii. 120, though it occurs in *A Shrew* at a point which has no exact counterpart in *The Shrew* :

Sly. *Sim, must they be married now ?*

Lord. *Ay, my Lord.*

And this is immediately followed by a remark introducing what corresponds to IV. v. :

Sly. *Look, Sim, the fool is come again now.*

Later, when the Duke has threatened to send two of the characters to prison, we have :

Sly. *I say we'll have no sending to prison.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Lord. *My Lord, this is but the play, they're but in jest.*

Sly. *I tell thee, Sim, we'll have no sending to prison, that's flat.*

Why, Sim, am not I Don Christo Vary? Therefore I say they shall not go to prison.

Lord. *No more they shall not, my Lord, they be run away.*

Sly. *Are they run away, Sim? That's well; then give's some more drink, and let them play again.*

Lord. *Here, my Lord.*

Sly drinks, and then falls asleep

Just before the last scene of *A Shrew*, which corresponds very closely to the last scene of *The Shrew*, we find :

Exeunt Omnes

Sly sleeps

Lord. *Who's within there? Come hither, sirs! My Lords, Asleep again! Go take him easily up, And put him in his own apparel again, And lay him in the place where we did find him, Just underneath the alehouse side below: But see you wake him not in any case.*

Boy. *It shall be done, my Lord: come, help to bear him hence.*

There follows the last scene, and then the whole play is rounded off as follows

Then enter two bearing of Sly in his own apparel again, and leaves him where they found him, and then goes out. Then enter the tapster.

Tap. *Now that the darksome night is overpast, And dawning day appears in crystal sky,*

APPENDIX

*Now must I haste abroad : but soft ! who's this ?
 What ? Sly ? oh, wondrous ! hath he lain here all night ?
 I'll wake him, I think he's starved by this,
 But that his belly was so stuff'd with ale.
 What ho ! Sly ! Awake for shame.*

Sly. *Sim, give's some more wine : what's all the players gone ?
 Am not I a Lord ?*

Tap. *A Lord with a murrain : come, art thou drunken still ?*

Sly. *Who's this ? Tapster ? Ob Lord, sirra, I have had the
 bravest dream to-night that ever thou heardest in all thy life.*

Tap. *Ay marry ? but you had best get you home, for your wife will
 curse you for dreaming here to-night.*

Sly. *Will she ? I know now how to tame a shrew :
 I dreamt upon it all this night till now,
 And thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream
 That ever I had in my life, but I'll
 To my wife presently, and tame her too,
 An if she anger me.*

Tap. *Nay, tarry, Sly, for I'll go home with thee,
 And hear the rest that thou hast dreamt to-night.*

Exeunt Omnes

Glossary

MANY words and phrases in Shakespeare require glossing, not because they are in themselves unfamiliar, but for the opposite reason, that Shakespeare uses in their Elizabethan and unfamiliar sense a large number of words which seem so familiar that there is no incentive to look for them in the glossary. It is hoped that a glossary arranged as below will make it easy to see at a glance what words and phrases in any particular scene require elucidation. A number of phrases are glossed by what seems to be, in their context, the modern equivalent rather than by lexicographical glosses on the words which compose them.

Induction

SCENE I

<i>line.</i>		<i>line</i>	
1	PHEEZE, 'settle'	38	BRAVE, 'swagger'
5	SESSA, 'an interjection of doubtful import'	55	DIAPER, napkin
7	DENIER, one-twelfth of a sou	64	KINDLY, fitly
9	THIRD-BOROUGH, constable	66	HUSBANDED WITH MODESTY, played in moderation
13	AND KINDLY, and welcome	68	AS, so that
15	EMBOSS'D, exhausted and foaming at the mouth	92	MODESTIES, moderation
16	BRACH, bitch	93	OVER-EYEING, observing
18	FAULT, check (<i>when the scent was coldest</i>)	95	MERRY PASSION, fit of laughter
34	PRACTISE, play a joke	99	ANTIC, buffoon
		108	ACTION, gesture
		135	SPLEEN, fit of laughter

SCENE II

1	SMALL, light	19	CARD-MAKER, maker of 'cards' for carding wool
2	SACK, sherry		

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Induction Sc. ii—*continued*

line

- 23 SHEER, *either thin or undiluted*
 41 TRAPP'D, equipped
 45 WELKIN, heavens
 51 CYTHEREA, Venus

line

- 87 LEET, manorial court, 'before the bench'
 88 SEAL'D, stamped

Act First

SCENE I

- 3 FOR, in (*or* (?) *read fro*)
 8 INSTITUTE, start on
 23 FLASH, pool
 25 MI PERDONATO, pardon me
 32 DEVOTE, devoted
 CHECKS, restrictions
 34 BALK, chop
 40 AFFECT, like
 55 CART, drive publicly in a cart (*a punishment*)
 58 STALE, (*a*) laughing stock, (*b*) prostitute
 68 TOWARD, on foot
 78 PEAT, pet
 97 CUNNING, knowledgeable
 107 BLOW OUR NAILS, wait
 108 OUR 'CAKE'S DOUGH, we have failed
 115 PARLE, truce

- 131 HIGH-CROSS, the cross in the market-place
 134 BAR IN LAW, plea stopping an action
 139 RING, *quibble on the game* 'running at the ring' *and* the wedding-ring
 153 ANNA, Dido's sister and confidante
 164 LONGLY, persistently
 179 CURST, shrewish
 SHREWD, shrewish
 182 MEW'D, caged
 197 BASTA, enough!
 202 PORT, style
 226 FRAME, adjust
 TIME, occasion
 228 COUNTENANCE, bearing

SCENE II

- 24 CONTUTTO IL CUORE BEN TROVATO,
 with all my heart, well met!
 25 ALLA NOSTRA CASA BEN VENUTO,
 well-come to our house

- 33 A PIP OUT, a little wide of the mark (*the game was* 'one-and-thirty')
 51 IN A FEW, in brief

GLOSSARY

Act I Sc. ii—continued

line		line	
58	ROUNDLY, straightforwardly	159	WOODCOCK, supposed to be peculiarly stupid and easily snared
67	BURDEN, dance tune	202	ORDNANCE, cannon
68	FLORENTIUS, Sir Florent (<i>Gower : Conf. Am., bk. I</i>)	208	FEAR, scare
69	SIBYL, Sibyl of Cumæ (Apollo gave her as many years as there were grains in a handful of sand)	216	(<i>stage-direction</i>) BRAVE, dressed up
78	AGLET-BABY, the 'tag' of a lace in the shape of a figure	247	JADE, horse that soon tires
	TROT, hag	258	HEARKEN, wait, lie in wait
106	HUMOUR, mood	264	STEAD, benefit
111	ROPE-TRICKS, <i>meaning uncertain</i>	274	CONTRIVE, spend the time (<i>see note</i>)
117	KEEP, keeping	280	BEN VENUTO, welcome (<i>i.e.</i> host)

Act Second

SCENE I

3	GAWDS, adornments	307	MEACOCK, tame
26	HILDING, jade	322	FREITING, wearing away
38	(<i>stage-direction</i>) MEAN, poor	334	SKIPPER, flighty person
45	ORDERLY, by degrees	345	COUNTERPOINTS, counterpanes
126	SPECIALTIES, deeds	368	ARGOSY, large merchant ship (<i>originally of Ragusa</i>)
149	FRETS, rings of gut on lute to regulate the fingering	399	CARD OF TEN, the highest card
226	CAVEN, a gamecock that was not game		

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Act Third

SCENE I

<i>line</i>	<i>line</i>
12 PAIN, toil	59 IN THREE PARTS, for three 'voices'
15 BRAVES, insults	66 GAMUT, scale
18 BREECING, whippable	79 NICE, particular
49 PEDASCULE, <i>coined dimin. of</i> <i>'pedant,' on analogy of 'didascule'</i>	89 STALE, common man

SCENE II

10 RUDESBY, blusterer	63 STOCK, stocking
43 CANDLE-CASES, receptacles for candle-ends	KERSEY BOOT-HOSE, coarse cloth over-stocking (<i>like a top-boot</i>)
45 CHAPELESS, without the metal 'ferule' at the point of the scabbard	65 LIST, strip of cloth
46 POINTS, <i>i.e. of the doublet</i>	163 FOR WHY, because
48 GLANDERS, etc., various diseases of horses	164 COZEN, cheat
	208 JOLLY, arrogant
	209 TAKE IT ON YOU, domineer ROUNDLY, bluntly

Act Fourth

SCENE I

2 WAYS, roads	44 JACKS . . . JILLS, <i>pun on</i> <i>the words as (a) proper</i>
3 RAY'D, travel-stained	names, (b) measures, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint and $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$
39 CONY-CATCHING, trickeries	
43 FUSTIAN, coarse cloth (<i>cotton and</i> <i>flax</i>)	68 BEMOIL'D, bemired

GLOSSARY

Act IV Sc. i—continued

line		line	
118	MALT-HORSE, heavy type of horse used by maltsters	181	LURE, apparatus used to recall hawks
122	UNPINK'D, not scalloped	182	MAN, make used to men
123	LINK, ash of burnt torches used as blacking		HAGGARD, untamed hawk
155	JOLTHEADS, idiots	184	KITES, falcons
179	SHARP, sharp-set	185	BATE, flutter
180	STOOP, yield (<i>with pun on sense of swoop on its prey</i>)		BEAT, beat wings
		192	INTEND, pretend

SCENE II

3	BEARS ME FAIR IN HAND, treats me well	61	ANCIENT ANGEL, fellow of the good old stamp (<i>met. from coin</i>)
20	CULLION, rascal	63	MERCATANTE, <i>Italian for merchant</i>
39	HAGGARD, wild hawk		PEDANT, schoolmaster
57	ELEVEN AND TWENTY LONG, 'just right,' with allusion to the card game 'Thirty-One' of I. ii. 33	65	FATHER, priest
		108	TAKE UPON YOU, assume your part

SCENE III

5	PRESENT, immediate	82	CUSTARD-COFFIN, crust over a custard
17	NEAT, OX	87	MASQUING, fancy dress
36	ALL AMORT, dejected (<i>à la mort</i>)	88	DEMI-CANNON, a large cannon
43	IS SORTED TO NO PROOF, come to nothing	91	CENSER, perfuming pan
56	FARDINGALES, hooped petticoats	98	KENNEL, gutter
57	BRAVERY, gay dress	102	QUAINT, elegant
60	RUFFLING, flaunting	108	NAIL, 2½ inches
69	DOTH FIT THE TIME, is in the fashion	110	BRAV'D WITH, insulted by
		112	BE-METT, measure

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Act IV Sc. iii—continued

line		line	
122	FAC'D, trimmed (<i>with pun on</i> confront)	138	TRUNK SLEEVE, wide sleeve
124	BRAV'D, BRAVE, made elegant (<i>with pun on stood up to</i>)	140	CURIOSLY, elaborately
133	BOTTOM, skein	149	METE-YARD, yard-stick
		176	FURNITURE, equipment

SCENE IV

48	KNOW, <i>almost</i> advise	70	CHEER, fare
49	AFFIED, betrothed	89	CUM PRIVILEGIO AD IMPRIMEN- DUM SOLUM, with exclusive copyright
54	HAPPILY, haply	100	APPENDIX, appendage
61	PITTANCE, poor meal		
70	MESS, course		

SCENE V

14	RUSH-CANDLE, rush-pith dipped in tallow	35	TO MAKE, by making
		75	JEALOUS, suspicious

Act Fifth

SCENE I

36	SHIPPING, voyage	105	SUPPOSIS, suppositions <i>or</i> per- sons disguised
39	CRACK-HEMP, gallows-bird	106	PACKING, collusion
57	COPATAIN, sugar-loaf		

SCENE II

39, 40	BUTT, <i>puns on senses of</i> (a) <i>but- ting with head like rams,</i> (b) <i>perhaps as in 'butt-joint,'</i> (c) <i>butt of spear, etc.</i>	49	PREVENTED, anticipated
		63	SADNESS, seriousness
		99	BY MY HOLIDAY, by our Lady

